

### 3 PRAYERS

#### i.

Dear Virgin Mary:

Look, I've been praying to you for months now about the \$50 Jan owes me, the back pay on my disability pension, a present from my boyfriend, a magazine to accept a poem, some Ceylon tea, etc., etc., and absolutely nothing has come of it. For this reason I became very angry yesterday. Sorry. And I went out and bought some new saints.

Now please don't be upset. You're still my largest idol, the most expensive too, and of course I'll always keep you in the middle of my mantelpiece. And just so you don't feel too bad, I don't even know which saints they are. In fact, they resemble certain public figures or mythical creatures, for instance, Mme. Curie, Richard the Third, Margaret Thatcher, Margaret Court, Franz Kafka, The Cheshire Cat, and A Mad Dog.

I'll pray to them for the little things, and save you for guidance on unearthly matters. Perhaps you could also direct me to the right subsaint for each problem or wish (if you have the time).

Thank you, Dear Virgin, for forgiving me, and I hope you have a nice day.

Amen.

#### ii.

Dear Richard III:

I have a lump on my right cheek. It's not red but it hurts and I feel somewhat deformed. You know how that is. But it's even worse for a woman.

I should also tell you that it doesn't stay in one place. I first discovered it right above my belly button. From there it travelled up my midriff, over my left breast, across my right shoulder, around my neck, into my mouth and out of my right nostril to its present location. Obviously my friends have noticed, and you can imagine what they think. I'd much rather have a lump on my back!

Dearest Richard, I never hated you when I read Shakespeare or the history books. In fact, I don't blame you



for suffocating the princes and those other self-righteous dingbats. And I'm very sorry you lost your horse at Bosworth Field. You did in fact have a lot of bad luck. Well so have I!

So maybe you could guide me to the right cream, powder or lotion, whatever it takes to chase my lump away before I start figuring how many people stand between me and England's Throne.

Thanks in anticipation,

Amen.

iii.

O Wise Margaret Thatcher!

I think you're doing a wonderful job in the Falkland Islands. Is it true that a single British submarine destroyed half of Argentina's airforce? Not bad.

But what I'm really praying about is the tea situation in Los Angeles. I've been all over Santa Monica, to the Ambassador Hotel, and I even called the British Consulate. But there is not a single packet of Lyon's Red Label Tea to be had.

Even in Boston where they hated the English there was enough tea to fill the harbor, and I don't suppose it was any godawful Lipton's or Constant Comment. Here in Los Angeles everyone praises my English accent yet I am given cups of perfumed water. What an insult to the Union Jack!

I know I'm not supposed to order saints around, but couldn't you commission a few fighter jets to fly out here and drop, not bombs, but good strong tea, on my or any of my friends' apartments?

Would worship you forever if you came through on this one.

Amen.

WIMBLEDON DUFF

I always look forward to the annual Wimbledon tennis championships, when for two weeks I lock myself in the kitchen with my TV and Wimbledon Duff.